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PAGAN POEMS

FRANKLIN HENRY GIDDINGS



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PAGAN POEMS



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PAGAN POEMS

BY

FRANKLIN HENRY GIDDINGS



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Why should one who has given his best years to science and discussion, and who hopes to give to them the years that remain, turn aside to make a book of verse? What excuse can he offer, unashamed? Mine is good enough for me. I have made the book because it bade me make it!

The title is chosen not with irreligious intent — quite the contrary. It is chosen to emphasize that inextinguishable "faith in the possibilities of life" which has come down to us through all the religions of the world, from the earliest fears and hopes of the human heart, the earliest questionings of the human mind.

June, 1914.

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SONG

SONG

WILD as the wildest thing born in
the wildwood :

In white of the dawn
She calls, and I hasten ;
But her feet
They are fleet
As the fawn.
I hasten : I call :
She is gone !

I listen : a note from the song-sparrow's
throat ?

Or no ? Am I wrong ?
Is it she that I hear ?

Or beat
Of the feet
Of the fawn ?
Do I know who she is ?
She is Song !

CREATION

A MYSTERY TALE

GOD brooded alone in silent space,
 Alone in silent night,
 In the blackness of infinite vacancy
He was trying to think, of Light !

He thought it through : a particle
 Shot from an atom's rim,
The limitless realms of ether shook, —
 Which presently heartened Him.

An atom burst : a silver gleam
 Grew white in the distant dark,

A wraith of worlds began to drift,
In a swirling, shaping arc.

Said God: "It is good! I like the light,
"I like the shaping arc."

One world grew cool, and damp and sweet,
With breath of winds that passed
In the misty blue of a firmament,
Hung over a heaving vast.

And one by one the continents
Rose slowly from the deep,
Stretched themselves, to dry in the sun,
Lifted, for winds to sweep.

Said God: "I like the continents,
"The sea, and winds that sweep."

God brooded alone in a universe,
Alone on land and sea.

“But what is creation for,” He said,
“With no one to talk to *Me*? ”

He thought it through : a trembling cell
Divided itself in twain,
Which clung together, none the less,
To divide, and cling, again.

In the sea was life, and on the earth
Came lichen, moss and vine,
And greening grass, and brake and fern,
And palm, and scented pine.

Said God : “I like the greening grass,
“The palm, and scented pine.”

He planted a garden and watered it,
And made it lush and wild,
Which creeping things, and nesting birds,
And quadrupeds beguiled;

Whose jungle life was sweet to them ;
Consorting kind by kind,
They roamed and fought, and sniffed and
fed,
And mated, kind with kind.

Said God: “ I like the quadrupeds,
“ And every roving kind.”

Shaping a broken flint there sat,
A sinister, thinking brute,
And warily watching him his mate,
Was pounding a moistened root.

The chirping things, the winging birds,
And every roaming beast,
That wandered by from out the south,
Or west, or north, or east,

Gazed wondering at him working there,
And frightened as they came,
For, as he worked, he called to them,
And spoke to each a name.

Said God: "I like the thinking brute,
"And he shall speak *My* name."

The woman gave him sap to drink,
From the root of a reborn tree,
A rude wild joy awoke in him,
He followed her wantonly :

She led him through a darkening glade,
 All dread with mystery,
He talked with her ; they plucked the
 leaves
Of Life, from the reborn tree.

Then God was wroth : He swore an oath,
 “ They shall fear and worship *Me!* ”

A burning drought lay on the land,
 The drinking holes were dry,
No cloud as big as human hand
 Came in the blazing sky.

The first-born of a weary clan
 Stood shuddering by a grave,
With lifted hands he called on God,
 The dying herd to save.

He built a pile and wetted it
With blood of kids and lambs,
And on it burnt a sacrifice
Of meat of bulls and rams.

God smelled the burning sacrifice,
The meat of bulls and rams.

The younger brother had nor herd
Nor altar anywhere,
He offered God but fruits of toil,
And words of whispered prayer.

So rose the elder, stronger one,
Who knew what way to pray,
And murdered the younger, gentler one,
Who worshipped another way.

“Behold us God! I slew,” he said,
“He worshipped another way!”

God rode on a tempest black that day,
He rode in flame that night :
A fearsome curse on creation lay,
Until He could think, of Right !

He thought it through : by a mighty rock,
Stood one of eager face,
And one was patiently teaching him
A runic line to trace.

“With this,” he said, “you shall tell your
mind,
“Mind to another mind,
“That shall pass this way when you are
dead,
“And this, that is written, find.

“ Through space and time the rune shall
speak,
“ Mind to another mind.”

Then he cut a reed by the river marge,
And soothly fashioned it,
And on it blew a glad, sweet note ;
The wild repeated it.

“ With this,” he said, “ you shall tell
your heart,
“ While ever the world shall stand,
“ And wild and child, and man and God,
“ Shall hear, and understand.”

God said: “ It is well, they have found
the way,
“ They know, and understand.”

MAN

THE SCATHLESS

THE stars were asleep, and no moon was,
That far night, after the Ice Age.
The reindeer had gone to the north-
ward,

The hunters, that followed, were camping.

Beside him, the son of his sister
Had put to the Old One a question,
When something had passed in the darkness,
Where the Old One, the Uncle, was watch-
ing.

“ As I felt in the fight with the cave bear
“ I felt, when you did not quiver :

“ I felt your look upon me ;
“ I feared, lest I should fear !

“ What is it that makes men shudder ?
“ Tell me, what makes them dare ?
“ Why are you steady, Old One ?
“ Men call you wise, but where — ”

Then the Old One, the Uncle, answered :
“ We talk of things forbidden.
“ You have spoken this night of It,
“ I like you, because you have spoken !

“ Luck brought you to birth, men tell,
“ And lucky you are, they will say,
“ Because you called It no name !
“ They say, in their fear, for they know not,
“ That no mortal shall name It and live.
“ But little they know, and they die.

“ Before the bear fled, or the ice was,
“ Men shuddered at It :
“ It, the Hair Raiser,
“ The Goose Flesh Maker.

“ Thou canst not hide thee from It, nor
 escape.

“ In the night it is near thee,
“ When creeping things are abroad and the
 owl calls,
“ And the bat wing scares thee.

“ It moans in the trees : — did you hear it ?
“ The raven was passing !

“ It is where Death is : It is where Life is.
“ It renews : It destroys.

“ It touches the leaves, and they fall,
“ It stirs in the sap and the buds swell,
“ It brightens the ring on the dove’s neck.

“ It blesses and curses : It thunders and whispers.

“ It blinds thee with lightning,

“ It lulls thee to sleep and awakes thee.

“ It fills thee with fear, and thou failest,

“ It strengthens thy bowels with courage.

“ Evermore thou shalt shun It and dread It,

“ But evermore thou shalt desire It !

“ *What has or obtains It imparts it :*

“ *Whoever receives It, gives.*

“ This is the secret thou seekest :

“ The wisdom of It : Wilt thou hear ?

“ Keep near to all that lives,

“ Close to the men that dare,

“ Hearken to men that know :

“ Thou shalt Live, thou shalt Dare, thou shalt Know.

“ Listen to all that sings ; with singing
“ Thy heart shall leap, like the water.
“ Stand alone, in the stillness of night ;
“ Thy mind shall not falter, nor fear.

“ This is the secret thou seekest,
“ But only the dauntless hear.
“ Art thou of the Scathless the first ?
“ Thou shalt not be the last.
“ Attend : I will give thee a token.
“ Take this stick, in thy hand.
“ A mighty man made it, and held it ;
“ His virtue is in it.
“ It leaps to thy arm, it strengthens thy
 heart !
“ Behold thee, no longer a Boy !
“ Behold thee, a Man !
“ I have spoken !

• • • • • • •

The Old One died,
While the stars were asleep, and no moon
was.

But It did not die, nor the token.

The swords of Siegfried and of Arthur
Have failed not, are not broken.

The Shining Ones, the Enlighteners,
Forever are born again,
Forever they stand together,
To Live, to Dare, to Know.
Their song is the Voice of Waters,
They falter not, nor fear.

WOMAN

TRUTH

IF Truth be beautiful then surely truth
Is lovelier still that it in thee doth
dwell,
And lovelier is it even for the ruth
The tell-tale shadows in thy soft eyes
tell.
Truth is not hard, though it be hardly won,
And truly I would win it won I thee,
But he that wooed were surely soon undone
Who thought by rude compulsion
truth to see.
To love the truth is ever man's true might,
But could I love it, if you told me true,

While yet I gazed into your eyes' sweet
light,

That I no more might love the truth
in you?

I would that Truth were always half as
fair

As play of sunlight on your golden
hair!

A VALENTINE

IF I could have thee all that maketh
woman fair,

The laughing eye, the golden hair,
The snow-white breast, softer than any dove,
The lips that press, the arms that cling in
love,

O loving heart !

I could not have thee other than thou art !

If I could have thee all that maketh woman
kind,

And sweet and true, with steadfast mind
Made beautiful beyond compare
Through its own love of beauty everywhere,
O gentle heart !

I could not have thee other than thou art !

THE HALF-GROWN WHEAT

ACROSS the field of half-grown wheat
That lies along the hillside there,
Where you and I, one summer fair,
Went wandering, hand in hand,
my Sweet,

Go wandering shadows now that lift
And now that fall across the light,
Beneath the wayward shapes of white
Soft clouds that idly overdrift.

I wonder if the shadows, Sweet,
That mingle in the spirit's vision
Fall from the clouds, that sail the heaven,
As on the field of half-grown wheat !

FOR LIFE AND DEATH

“ **W**HOSE then shall she be ? ” they
asked,

As they walked with the Mas-
ter there

In the way that led from the Temple
To Bethany’s Garden fair.

“ Whose then shall she be, in sooth,

“ If the dead shall ascend into Heaven ?

“ We do not remember her name,

“ For they that had her were seven.”

So : they had had her the seven,

A vessel of wheat and tares,

An ox, an ass that was driven,
Or anything, that was theirs.

They had had her to own and to fondle,
To curse, and caress, and abuse,
They had had her to wife, and to fondle,
To raise up seed, and to use.

Yet perchance of the seven was one
Whose soul was a soul apart,
Who clung to the woman, and loved her,
And sang her a song in his heart !

• • • • •

The Temple bells rang low,
Sweet calling from tower to shrine,
And pale in the evening glow
Lay hills of olive and vine.

In sorrow, and wonder, and shame,
 The Master raised his head,
And breathing his Father's name,
 He answered them, and said :

“ O scribe and Sadducee !
 “ Whose hearts are flint, in Heaven
“ They marry not nor give,
 “ Nor in marriage are given ;

“ But are as angels are,
 “ That dwell in worlds of light,
“ And love as they and only they
 “ That love in God's own sight.”

• • • • •

The hills of olive and vine
 Lie fair in the eastern sun,

But the Master is gone from there,
And all his work is done.

And the earth is given again
To scribe and Sadducee,
Who say there is no Heaven
Where weary souls may be.

Who tell us to eat and drink,
And take us a woman to wife,
Or a wanton, and with her be merry,
For that is the whole of life.

• • • • • • •

Ye fools and blind, that see not
Nor hearken to any cry !
Are the desolate ones but naught
To ye that pass them by ?

For ever and ever there cometh
To the sons and daughters of men,
A merciless woe, that taketh them,
And breaketh them again,

And leaveth naught of the mighty
Or of them of low degree,
But a naked soul, and sin, and love,
If love there be.

.

Wherfore the question remaineth,
What if there be no Heaven
And only a desolate earth
For the woman of one or seven;

Whose then for the death that ends not,
Whose then for the life that ends,

Is she who bears in sorrow
Whatever the Life Might sends ?

This creature that men have wounded,
This being that men have owned,
This woman, whose travail they've sold
for gold,
But whose love they have not sold !

Whose then is this, the human,
Whose soul is soul apart,
Who knoweth her own, and loveth her own,
As love the pure in heart ?

In the day of tribulation,
When rocks and mountains flee,
Shall any stand forth to claim his own ?
And say, " She belongs to me ! "

Perchance of the seven was one
 Whose soul was a soul apart,
Who clung to the woman and loved her,
 And sang her a song in his heart :

“ Sweet unto me were thou, Beloved !
 “ In the days when I called thee my own.
“ And hot ran the blood in my veins
 “ In the nights, when I held thee, alone.

“ But sweeter than breasts of a virgin,
 “ Or lips of a bride, in the night,
“ Was a song in my heart, that I sang unto
 thee,
 “ My Love, My Beloved, My Light !

“ I sang it by day in my gladness,
 “ I sang it by night in my dreams,

“ And its music shall echo forever,
“ In the gladness of day, and of dreams !

“ Then come to me, O my Beloved !
“ My sister, and helper, and friend,
“ Let us sing as we labour, and sing as we
dream,
“ And labour and sing to the end ! ”

• • • • • • •

Doth any then claim the woman ?
And want her, as he saith ?
His own and alone she shall be in life,
His own and alone, in death.

CHILD

CHRISTMAS EVE

HOW many hearts beat warm and
high to-night !

While busy hands prepare sweet
mysteries !

From yon red log there flames such glorious
light

No other night than this.

The gladsome bells ring out across the
drifting snow,

And joyous echo, in their frosty flight,
A wonder music from long years ago,
For Christmas Eve to-night.

Among the holly boughs in ingle nook,
What dreadful Druids hide in weird
disguise !

Twice happy children wonder as they look,
Or marvel of the morning's mad surprise :
Then go to dream of all the heart loves best,
Of all the joy that kindles this glad light,
For dreams of what we love shall find our rest,
Through all the hours to-night.

And have we gifts and maskers all in one ?
And Christmas joy as deep as life can know ?
Give they themselves, as hearts none else had won,
Into our keeping true ?

Oh ! may we make them merry welcome
still !

And glad their years with love's frui-
tion bright !

Sweet, as they here our sweetest hope
fulfil,

Our happy babes, to-night !

✓

TO MARGARET

DON'T be afraid, my little maid,
 Of a saint, or a devil or two;
 But don't be afraid to be afraid,
 If the devil is bigger than you.

APRIL FOOL

ONE little fool, on April first,
Came down in her nightgown saying,
“ Sunday ! ”

Two little fools into laughter burst,
And said, “ My Dear, this day is
Monday ! ”

But the truth of the thing, you know who
are wise,
This day was an April Fool surprise !

COMMENT VOUS PORTEZ-VOUS

COMMENT vous portez-vous, Little
Man?

Beating your drum in quick tattoo,
Holding your head as soldiers do !

Comment vous portez-vous, Little Man ?

Comment vous portez-vous, Little Man ?

Shoulder arms, and fall in line !

Mind the orders prompt and true :

Comment vous portez-vous, Little Man ?

Comment vous portez-vous, Little Man ?

Guide right ! and keep in touch !

We are the fellows to beat the Dutch !

Comment vous portez-vous, Little Man ?

Comment vous portez-vous, Little Man ?

Eyes front ! and forward, march !

Fear nor bogey man nor foe :

Comment vous portez-vous, Little Man ?

POWER

WHERE POWER DWELLS

SPARE now, and let them toil. You
 weary now
Of wringing shrieks from tortured
 men ; weary
Of woman's anguish and of death. Your
 gods
With blood are sated, all. Incredulous ?
Amazed ! No doubt. An idea staggers
 you,
A thought is pain to you, it splits your
 heads.
It racks you more than marching does, or
 work.
And impious ? Your fathers did not so !

True: you will slay the first who breaks
their law;
Then, afterwards, the captives you will
save!

The upland ground is cold, and hard to
break,
The grazing cattle on the slopes are lean.
The pestilential marshes lie untilled
Where shining rivers sweep to greet the sea.
Go put your captives there, to dyke and
drain,
Big sinewy rascals taken in your wars,
To dig canals and hold the spreading floods
With gate and sluice, until the ground be
dry
To sow with grain, or watered at your will
When the unruly skies withhold their rain.

They bend their backs obedient to your
lash,

They breed in huts more slaves for you to
own,

They dig you copper from the hills, and
gold

And gems that gleam. They heap you
surplus, wealth !

They build you cities, glorious in the sun,
Majestic temples rear, where robèd priests
Chant solemn anthems to your Lord of
Hosts.

Your Lord of Hosts ! Uncounted granaries
Are overflowing now with sifted wheat,
With golden wheat ! To feed your march-
ing hosts.

*Marching hosts and beating drums !
Glorious shrines and palaces,*

*Chanting priests and toiling slaves,
These are Thine, O Lord of Hosts!*

Hear them and set them free ! The world
is wide !

On every sea the helms of merchantmen
Hold fair each course the great discoverers
laid.

You could not bind the serf to villainage,
Or week-work task upon the lord's demesne
When busy marts protested, hiding him.

Too late it is to tie the labourers
To parishes, and customs old. The mines
Of El Dorado call. The fishing banks
And square-rigged ships of all the world
are theirs !

Cathedral bells and lifting silences,
Lights beautiful as day's last rose, as
night's

First shadowings, not more than feudal lord
Their straining limbs, can you their minds
enthral

Who now may rove the world. Perhaps
again

When weary of the clash of creeds, of faiths
As white as truth, they shall look back,
Great Church,

To you, desiring much that you could give;
But never shall they yield assent of mind,
With reverence, until yourself are free.

The world is theirs, the oceans and the land,
Fair chance for all, and free! If kings yet
reign

It is indwelling nature makes them kings.
The crown and throne that frown and glit-
ter yet

Are properties of stages, for the play.
Of stages for the play ! The world is wide !
The world is theirs ! What action now
shall be ?
To what great destinies lead on ? What
chords
Of music shall run ravishing, in fugues,
Like waking beatings of the morning sea ?

*Dreadless hearts and drifting sails,
Argonauts and argosies,
Pilots all ! and helmsmen true !
Wide the world ! The world is theirs !*

Fear them and yield your gains ! You have
subdued
The earth, and ravaged it. The forests old
That clothed the hills in majesty, for gold
You have in waste destroyed and have not
cared

How fire and flood might desolate the slopes.
Who shall restore fertility to lands
That you have robbed? Who shall bring
back to life
The wilding things, the herds that you have
slain?
The songs of birds? Who shall awake again
The joy that Nature knew before you came?

The might that sunlight stored, dark in the
earth,
Millions of years ago, is roaring red,
Pounding in engines and machinery;
Rolling you armour plate and guns, and rails
For roads of steel; hammering you great
beams
For office towers, and treasure vaults; flaming
In furnaces, where swarthy stokers faint;

Drilling in mines where men are crushed
and burned ;

Driving the looms and spindles of the mills
Where little children lose their souls, and die.

And now ! You read a writing on the wall !
Belschazzar read it once, in Babylon.
But never onrush of the Persian host
Was ominous as sullen mutterings
Of hireling men who know no law but hate.
Who know no law but hate ! What dark-
ness black

Shall gather when Hate wills, and over-
spread !

What wreck of fairest work of man shall be,
And desolation, when the tempest breaks !
Of all that counts, what shall Hate spare ?
Who knows ?

Belching smoke and deafening din !

Tenements and Treasuries !

Wasting workers, mouthing mobs !

Industry ! Your Dividends !

But hearken yet ! You need not fear their rule.

They may destroy, they have not sense to build.

Like you they care for nothing but themselves.

They differ from you little but in this :
They never yet have known, they know not now,

That souls were born in them, are breathing still.

You faced your souls, and heard them plead to you ;

And then you sold them, in the market-
place!

For power you sold them ; and your bitterness

Is this, that what you bought was power-
lessness !

You do not seem to know where power
dwells.

It dwells in such as you have hurt and slain,
And have not seen what happened, when
they died.

When Socrates drank hemlock did thought
die ?

When Dante was proscribed did beauty die ?

When Galileo's books were banned and
burned,

And Darwin suffered scorn, did knowledge
die ?

And ignorant as you, are these who waste
With torch and sabotage, but cannot build.
Like you, they do not know where power
dwells.

To you, to them, shall wisdom come at
last?

When hate and waste have done their
worst? Who knows?

The Seeking Mind is spendthrift of its
gains:

It will bestow them on you if it may.

Mercy, of deathless heart, forgives all
wrongs,

And Beauty neither you, nor hate, nor time
Can kill. Immortal as the light, it could
Make fair again the earth that you have
scarred,

Awake the souls of them that you have
damned,
And, if you cared, return your souls to you !

*Seeking minds and deathless hearts
Faring on in comradeship,
Dauntless souls of gentleness,
Ye the only Power are.*

FATE

THE SHADOW LAND

FLEEING the shadow land
Where the clouds roam,
Seeks the red sun his bright
Far western home.
Briefly the changing sky
Burns with his ray,
Then the bright eventide
Fades, into gray.

Ever the shadow land
Chasing the light,
Calls us and beckons us
On, to the night.

Quaff we the golden hours !
Life's but a day !
Ere the bright eventide
Fades, into gray.

NEAR AND FAR

WE pulled for the bar, the night was
clear,
The soft waves lapped our brown
boat's knees ;
The stars looked down from the
heavens — anear !
And the whippoorwill called, from the
trees.

We lay at the bar for the moon to
rise,
Felt the wooing breath of the summer
breeze ;

The eyes I read were a comrade's
eyes,
And the whippoorwill called, from the
trees.

The night is clear, I pull for the bar,
The soft waves lap my brown boat's
knees ;
The stars look down from the heavens
— afar !
And the whippoorwill calls, from the trees.

THE GLORY ON THE HILLS

A SUNSET glory lingers on the hills.
The valleys lie in shadow, deep as
when
Dull, weary clouds drift slowly o'er the sun.
The air is clear and still, save now and then
A murmur in the pines, that skirt the way.

I think with pain that those great earnest
souls
All burning with the love of truth and right,
Who shed new light upon their fellowmen
To guide them through the mazes of this
world,

Who climb the blue of Heaven and cross
its span —

Must too, at last, sink sadly from our sight,
As does the sun at eve.

And yet if through life's day they've shed
the light

Of love and truth and kindness to all men,
And if the atmosphere through which they
shone

Grew thereby sweet, and so is calm and fair,
However sad the hearts that know their loss,
However deep the shadows in the vales,
A sunset glory lingers on the hills.

TRISTAM

THREE was no other like thee, Boy !
 Nor shall be one again ;
 God makes no two as he made you,
 Among the sons of men.

Thy limbs were of the breeds that spare
 No stroke of battle blow,
Thy heart of those that take no blade
 From hand of broken foe.

Thy strength was of the arm of Thor,
 And sure thou wast, and fleet ;
Thy gentleness the touch of light,
 And all thy ways were sweet.

And men had hope of thee, that thou
Shouldst lead victorious fight,
That thy clear brain should shape the law
To elemental right.

There was no ill for thee to fear,
Nor fate for thee to dread,
For only Jove could lay thee low,
Stark, among the dead.

There was no other like thee, Boy,
Nor shall be one again ;
God makes no two as he made you,
Among the sons of men.

JOY O' THE MORNING

JOY o' the autumn morning fair!
 Joy and tingle!
Hills their gala garments wear,
 In tones that mingle!
Golden leaves are rustling, falling,
 Everywhere.

All the eastern sky is bright,
 More gold than red too!
Softly fade the stars of night,
 Those overhead do!
Now on all the frosty meadows
 Breaks the light!

See ! the earth with jewels strown !
 No need to steal one !
From the hand of Fairy thrown,
 A truly real one !
Who by night was gently walking,
 All alone !

DREAR O' THE NIGHT

DREAR the close of autumn day,
Chill and dreary,
When the daylight dies away,
Eld and weary,
And the mellow brightness darkens
Into gray.

When the dead leaves dance around,
Brown and seary,
All the moon shapes on the ground,
White and eerie,
Then the winds among the mountains
Wake to sound.

Listen ! Hear them dearly surge,
Draw thee nearer !
Queerly chanting some queer dirge,
So, 'tis dearer,
At the grave of Autumn chanting,
Some queer dirge.

TO WHAT END?

WE know not why our life,
Our smilings and our tears,
Why Nature's power works grimly on,
Through the eternal years.

Yet dour or glad we strive,
Loath from the task to cease,
Content, if thus we learn to tell
The Blue Bird from the Geese !

SEA! O SEA!

SEA! O Sea!
Heaving, restlessly,
Never at rest!

Hurling thy strength on the shingles
And sands of the Shore!
Whipping the clouds with spume!
Stinging with spray
The Face of Space!
Sea! O Sea!

Life! O Life!
Gull on the breast of the Sea!
Seeking, tirelessly!
Building thy nest on rocks sublime

Of the Coasts of Time !
Braving storm for thy young !
Searching the sky
By light and night !
Life ! O Life !

Peace ! O Peace !
Sweet in Life's Heart
Brooding, endlessly !
Calling thy strength from shoreless deeps
Of Eternity !
Laying Hate's wild hurricane !
Staying with calm
The scath of wrath !
Peace ! O Peace !

Rest ! O Rest !
Never ! So long as the Sea

Heaves restlessly !
Never ! So long as Life
 Yet tirelessly
Braves storm and night !
Never ! So long as Peace
 Of Eternity
Broods sweet in Life's Heart !
But when these cease to be,
 Rest ! O Rest !
Death shall bring thee !

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